

Norwich Bulletin and Gazette

113 YEARS OLD.

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Norwich, Wednesday, July 28, 1939.

WHAT IS THE BOOK GOING TO BE

The question is being asked, What is the 230th anniversary Jubilee book going to be like? It is not going to be like any book ever printed about Norwich, if we have the right conception of it.

It is going to be an accurate account of the entire celebration gathered by a competent scholar from reliable sources and no pains are to be spared in making it the finest book ever printed about the city and town of Norwich.

It will contain the cream of all the sermons and addresses delivered, the names of all committees, and also the names of hundreds of people who took part in the ceremonies, with portraits, and street scenes and views of the parade and the historical play—the very best pictures which The Bulletin can procure.

It is expected that this book will have 400 pages, with 50 pages of appropriate portraits and pictures.

It is to be sold for \$2, bound in cloth, and for \$2, bound in leather. There has been received orders for about 150. The Bulletin would like to make an edition of 1,000, but unless there is a quickened demand the edition is likely to be cut down to 500 copies.

The Jubilee book of 1859 was not to be had less than \$5 or \$7 a copy when wanted this year. This book will be at a premium in the future.

The Bulletin is planning to have it ready for delivery about the 1st of December. Those who desire a copy should send their order to The Business Manager of The Bulletin, Norwich, Conn.

SHOT AT A SCORCHER

A Providence policeman named Hall, who shot at the automobile being run faster than the speed limit by Frank E. Bowles of Pawtucket on Wednesday night of last week has the Automobile Legal association of the state demanding his dismissal from the force. The police commissioners, instead of yielding to their clamor, have supported Policeman Hall in the line of his duty in holding up a speed lunatic who was imperiling the lives of the citizens. The Providence Journal, commenting upon the incident, says:

"The great majority of men who own automobiles have shown themselves perfectly willing to obey the law, and it is very doubtful if more than a few of their number would refuse to obey the orders of a police officer or to stop their cars when ordered to do so. Here is a case of a man who deliberately races away from an official and endangers the lives of many people by driving at great speed through a crowded section of the city and into Pawtucket before he is captured. Twice within a month this same individual has been arrested and fined for wild speeding in the city's streets.

"The Automobile Legal association will get no public sympathy in its efforts to injure an officer in whose hands has been placed the duty of protecting thousands of pedestrians unable to protect themselves. In refusing to listen to such a suggestion, the police commission has given further testimony to the rank and file of the force that it will not permit law-breakers to go back to the old days when political or personal 'pull' with a commissioner made a farce of police laws and police powers."

And this is the way to make a police force efficient, and to check the disrespecters of the law in their mad career.

MODERN SPORT

The aero club is soon likely to be a regular New England city organization and Rutland, Vt., appears to be anxious to win distinction by private enterprise along sky-flying lines. The News of that city has this to offer on this subject:

"Ballooning is far enough advanced so that it is no longer regarded as hazardous, and it is furthermore proving to be a useful adjunct to science in various directions. For the money expended it is doubtful if anything gives a city the amount of advertising that balloons afford. In both North Adams and Pittsfield ascensions are made in season on the average of about one a week and a balloon carrying the name of the city on each of these trips does a good deal of effective advertising for the town. On the last night from North Adams passengers carried with them thousands of circulars advertising the city and dropped them en route from North Adams to New Haven, Conn.

"The formation of an aero club in Rutland, with the purchase of a balloon to be named Rutland, and the development of a competent pilot would be a progressive move on the part of our citizens."

All cities, of course, are not good cities to fly from—some are first-class to fly to. It makes no difference since the distinction in either case is almost equal. It is more than likely that Norwich will some day have an aero club and that the Rose of New England will be in the air with her wireless stations and her sporting balloons, which will prepare the way for the regular daily airships.

A Virginia woman shot her husband because he insisted upon running the photograph all the time. She has the sympathy and support of the public.

A Kentucky judge sentenced three men convicted for murder, to prison for life—with ten years added, against the average time of service before discharge.

The idea of the Vermonters objecting to the presence of the brave colored troops who saved the day at San Juan Hill. Ethan Allen was not made of better stuff.

AN AGRICULTURAL COMPARISON

Eastern Connecticut farmers will be interested in the conclusion of Prof. George E. Adams, head of the department of agriculture in the Rhode Island State college, with reference to the relative results of farming in New England and the middle west. Professor Adams finds that Illinois row plants to the acre 2,000,000 acres, or nearly twice the area of the whole state of Massachusetts. Rhode Island plants 10,000 acres. A comparison of the average yield for the four decades from 1867 to 1906, shows that per acre Rhode Island has been behind the big state by only a small percentage. But in wheat the little state is a long way ahead. For instance, "for each dollar per acre which the Illinois farmer has received in that period the Rhode Island farmer has received \$2.30." Moreover, the average of Illinois is based on the inclusion of 2,000,000 acres of additional acres of wheat rich soil. The land, long tilled, is deteriorating, unless strengthened by commercial fertilizers, and these cost money, while the Rhode Island farms show no loss in productivity.

The use of modern motor machines for farming is not probable in many parts of New England, and the work done with them in the west is accomplished at a less average cost, so that the extra dollars received may not actually represent profit.

EXACTLY SO.

The people of Meriden decided by 530 majority on Saturday that they did not want that proposed trolley line up to West Peak. The reason given for submitting the question to the people was that the line of layout ran through a public park, and it was for the public to say whether they would consent. Whatever the reason, the fact is most creditable to the general assembly. The Meriden Journal, which went to press in advocacy of the project, comes out with a good natured acceptance of the referendum. The more our cities get away from the state house and to their own business, the better all around.—Hartford Courant.

The Court's concluding sentence ought to receive a cordial endorsement from the Amen corner of every city in the state. There is no rule safer than the rule of the people. They may make mistakes. If they do, they are capable of rectifying them. The people usually know what they want and when they want it. Meriden did not see any real necessity for this West Peak road.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

German combines physical training with mental, and is bringing out well-balanced soldiers.

Advising the consumers to become a trust will not do. In the mass they represent the distrust.

While the airship is still forced to keep out of the wind, an airship trust is said to be in the wind.

Happy thought for today: The man who is resolved to take life just as he finds it cannot be disappointed.

President Taft is disposed to try the big dinner before he uses the big stick. That is the way of gentility.

Legislatures often wear out all the old guards and have their way, but congress cannot work that scheme on Taft.

The Norwich lazy bug does not so fatally bite people. He is simply content in doing the heavy standing round.

Weston has proved that it is cheaper to ride across the continent than to walk, for his trip cost him \$2 1/2 cents a mile.

The citizen who gets in the habit of praising his own city is in no danger of creating prejudices against himself by his talk.

The anti-cigarette league of this country is said to number 5,000 members, and the cigarette smokers number a million.

This is the week the Barnum public utilities bill, which is endorsed by The Courant as better than nothing, is expected to be passed.

Half the imports which come into this country pay no duty; for they are not in competition with anything we make or produce.

There were 15,000,000 Red Cross tuberculosis stamps sold last December and the total receipts were \$138,244.81. The American public did well.

It is not strange that patients in old times stopped coughing when they saw smalls boiled in barley water as a sure cure. That is enough to do it.

The revival of the guidebook makes one wonder what ever took it out of service. It protects the rural dwellers from being disturbed in the night.

Unbrotherly to Dr. Elliot. Ex-President Elliot's remarks about the religion of the future have brought forth a horde of objections. Ministers of the gospel of various denominations have felt themselves called upon to protest against what they deem the destruction of religion through withdrawing its emotional element. They call the "new religion" pragmatic, utilitarian, uninspired, and, as such, they say, it cannot appeal to the religious imagination. It is not unlikely that the critics of this religion of humanity would not have been so severe had they waited to ascertain just what it was that President Elliot said.

It hardly seems probable that he sees in what he deems the new religion feeling an absence of emotion. That is a contradiction in terms. In every religion there is, and must be, a deeply emotional element. And Dr. Elliot's reported words seem to show that he is keen to that truth. He spoke of a widening of our social consciousness, a deepening of our sense of responsibility, in terms which suggested the religious nature of much of the social feeling of the day. And his word for human brotherhood, absence of fanatical narrowness and loving tolerance for the religiously inclined as this rather hasty and unbrotherly onslaught on him by the modern priests of the doctrine of the love of men would indicate.—New York Evening Post.

Keeping Children at Home. Judge Bruce of the Malden district court, having before him several little juveniles, charged with various acts of juvenile mischief, ordered that pending examination on the 23d of August they be kept at home every night in the interim from 6 p. m. until the next morning. Whether the supreme court would agree that the judge has the right to issue such an order may be questionable, but there can be no denying that it is rooted in good sense. For one thing, several parents will be sure where their children are of nights, for another, these

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

REVENGE IS SWEET.

There are many judges and many lawyers within the confines of Chicago and this is a tale about one of each. The judge is on the municipal bench—but he is such a real human being in spite of his being a judge that nobody would dream he was a judge. Nevertheless he has all the bad habits of one such as inspiring respect and commanding instantly obedience and having the modest expectation that the world will stand still when he passes by.

Bartell, the lawyer in question, is a friend of the judge. This instead of carrying privileges is really hampering, because a reasonable judge who thinks of duty with a capital D is prone to discriminate against his acquaintances in his fear of unconsciously favoring them.

Bartell often has suffered at the hands of his friend the judge. He has learned to endure patiently when his most pyrotechnic might is being sizzled out weakly under the cold cynicism of the bench. He has come to bear without visible flinching the smashing of his head against the under and behind the judge's hand in power deemed it proper has come to be a not uncommon experience for him to be not surprised that when recently the judge was borne across the lake to Bartell's place in Michigan the boat were a look of triumph which would have made a suspicious man sit up and take notice.

Bartell actually has a house over there, and a good sized one at that, but it is an unnecessary luxury, because he spends all his time on his sailboat. He is a bachelor, and the Black Cat—which is the name of his sailboat—is the shrine at which he worships. He is as accustomed to ruling supremely on his boat as is the judge in court.

But what one does not know one does not worry about, so the judge accepted the sailboat placidly. His knowledge of water craft was confined to pictures of them seen in newspapers.

Now, it is not for the crew of a sailboat to reason why—they merely are required to do or die. The judge in this case was the crew. On the Black Cat everybody aboard except his slave-driving owner and captain is the crew. The fuffiest of girls who chances to be nearest the fishbowl will scramble madly to haul it in at the staccato bark of the skipper. The most patient-looking, sedate, summer-suited youth will obediently stand in a puddle of water and pump her up on order. Neither rank, wealth nor age exempt one from the stern conditions.

The first thing Bartell did to the judge was to plant him on a slippery incline, supposed to be a deck, giving him instructions to hang on to the fishbowl.

"Do you mean climb the pole and swing from the piece of cloth in front of me?" demanded the judge with extreme dislike as he gazed up into the sail, which was waving.

"Sit down!" roared Bartell. "If you don't pull that rope there we're likely to go over, and I'll be too busy to gather you up and swim ashore with you."

The judge sat down. He was out in the middle of an extensive body of water and dubious as to his swimming powers.

parents will have such a chance to become acquainted with their children as they probably have never had before. Perhaps the judge will grow interested enough to do something to keep the children from going further in the paths of hoodlumism. If they do, Judge Bruce will have accomplished better results than he possibly could by inflicting any punishment the law would allow on the little rascals.

Nothing is better for the children than keeping them home in the evening—that is, if they have good homes. If they have not, their case is deplorable. Substitutes have, indeed, been invented, and within their limitations they are useful. But no substitute can by any possibility equal that home where a father and mother are genuinely solicitous for the welfare and the happiness of their children, and where that solicitude takes practical form in making the home pleasant.—New Bedford Standard.

"Bore" at New England. There is growing "soreness" against New England on the part of representatives of the middle west and west. It is a common expression with lawmakers from out west that New England is selfish beyond all reason when it comes to legislation. The senators and members of the house from the little bunch of states in the northeast have much influence in both branches of congress and they don't hesitate to push it to the utmost, even when their grasping demands arouse intense criticism and even hard personal feeling.

"That New England crowd has got all the plums in the tariff bill," remarked a middle west representative the other day, "and what they are satisfied. They are the most narrow-minded, selfish lot of people in congress. After getting practically everything they demanded in the tariff bill, they kick and steer on the proposed income tax."

Nothing to Revolute. Honey Fitz admits that he is going to Europe, but declares that he is not running away, as Castro did from Venezuela or Reyes from Colombia, to escape the consequences of the war and government. Therefore Boston is not yet in the revolution zone.—Worcester Telegram.

All German soldiers must learn to swim.

He found himself hauling for dear life on the rope. Then his hat blew off. "Stop the car!" he called in his most judicial tones. "Who wants to get out here?" "We'll run around if I tack here," said Bartell, letting out more sail. "That's new!" protested his guest. "That's too bad," said Bartell soothingly. "Nobody on board seemed excited. Everybody seemed to acquiesce in the dictum of Bartell."

"Let 'er out!" he ordered the judge sharply, as they swung about. "Who wants to get out here?" demanded that exasperated person. "Besides, she can step over the edge by herself for all of me—"

"You'd better come down and let somebody else handle that sheet," said Bartell. "Sit there."

The judge sat there—and the boom was swung so that it bit the judge on the back of his head and gave him a permanent crick. Either he kept his head in front of it, much depressed, or else he thrust it under and behind and nearly broke his neck as well as ran the risk of getting a knockout blow on the jaw.

"Hard a-lee!" yelled Bartell. "Everybody on that side of the boat ducked instantly under the boom as the sail swept across. Everybody, that is, except the judge, who moves as well as a think with judicial deliberation. A man aboard who was an athlete caught the judge by the back of the neck and held him there, but the boom had caught him neatly and flung him overboard."

"If you sit in the sun," said Bartell casually with no special interest, "you'll dry out presently."

The judge sat in the sun for two reasons. One was that there was nothing else to do and the other was that he was too full of bottled-up rage to demonstrate. Nobody seemed to realize that he was being maltreated, insulted and put in peril of his life. Everybody else appeared to be having a good time—and he was dragged, starved, and nearly killed.

"Say, judge," ordered Bartell, "when we sail past that red barrel afloat there you reach over and grab it and haul in the rope. It's a larkish job, and if you miss it you're apt to fall in, but you've been in once already, so it don't matter. It's our morning, you know."

The judge sprang and grabbed and clutched, red-faced, awry, but he got the rope. He was afraid if he didn't he would have to sail on forever. He was mopping his face, while Bartell made fast the line.

"Did you have a good time?" Bartell inquired politely of his guest after they had stepped ashore.

The judge looked at him long. "Aye, aye, aye," he said humbly.

"That's all right," said Bartell. "I'm glad I've broken your proud spirit at last."—Chicago News.

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Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

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